

# Peck's Backlog Abroad

Doings at Monte Carlo.  
GEORGE W. PECK

MONTE CARLO.—Dear Uncle: I blush to write the name, Monte Carlo, at the head of a letter to anyone that is a Christian, or who believes in honesty and decency, and earning a living by the sweat of one's brow, for this place is the limit. If I should write anybody a letter from South Clark street, Chicago, the recipient would know I had gone wrong, and was located in the midst of a bad element, and the inference would be that I was the worst fakir, robber, hold-up man or assassin in the bunch.

The inference you must draw from the heading of this letter is that dad and I have taken all the degrees of badness and are now winding up our career by taking the last degree, before passing in our chips and committing suicide. Do you know what this place is, old man? Monaco is a principality, about six miles square, ruled by a prince, and the whole business of the country, for it is a "country" the same as though it had a king, gambling. They have all the different kinds of gambling, from chuck-a-luck at two bits to roulette at a million dollars a minute. What started dad and me to Monte Carlo was a new American he has got acquainted with, a fellow from North Dakota, that had made a sort of dance that he did take me to. It seems there is a place in Paris where they go to see men and



They Talked of Going Out in the Park and on the Terraces and Seeing the Poor Devils Who Had Gone Broke Commit Suicide.

women dance—one of those dances where they kick so high that their feet hit the gas fixtures.

Well, all I can say about it is that one Wednesday night dad said he felt as though it was his duty to go to prayer meeting, so he went to the church, and he had to have an outsider buy him a trip abroad, even in wicked Paris, he never neglected his church duties. I never was such a good boy as to go to prayer meeting, so dad let me go to the church, and he had to have an outsider buy him a trip abroad, even in wicked Paris, he never neglected his church duties.

My, what a difference there was in dad in the morning. I woke up about daylight, and dad came into the room with a strange man, with spinach on his chin, and they began to dance, like they had seen in the movies, and he showed where they had passed the evening. They were dressed, except their underclothes, which were these combination suits when they came into them he is seated up like a bologna, and he has to have help when he wants to get out to take a bath, and he has to have an outsider buy him a trip abroad, even in wicked Paris, he never neglected his church duties.

The Dakota man agreed that Americans had no right to be spending their own money doing Europe, when their genius was equal to the task of acquiring the money of the less intelligent foreigners. He said they could go to Monte Carlo and by a system of gambling which he had used successfully in the Black Hills they could carry away all the money they could pile into sacks. The man said he was willing to ante up to break the bank if dad would put his money against the Dakota man's experience as a gambler, and



He Would Reach Out to Dad For More Money and Dad Would Reach Into His Pocket for Another Roll.

they would divide the proceeds equally. Dad bit like a bass. He said he had always had an element of adventure in his make-up, and had always liked to take chances, and from what he had heard of the fabulous sums won and lost at Monte Carlo, he could see that if a syndicate could be formed that would win most of the time, he could see that there was more money in it than in any man's life of surprise, and he was willing to finance the scheme.

The Dakota man fairly hugged dad, and he told dad in confidence that they could divide up money enough to make them richer than they ever dreamed of, and all the morning they discussed the plan and made a list of things they would need to get away with the money. They provided themselves with canvas sacks to carry away the gold and dad drew all his money out of the bank, and that evening we took a train for Monte Carlo. All the way there dad and his new friend chuckled over the sensation they would make among the gamblers, and I became real interested in the scheme. There was to be some fun besides the winning of the money, because, they talked of going out in the park and on the terraces when they were tired of winning money, and seeing the poor devils who had gone broke commit suicide, as that he said to be one of the features of the place.

Well, we got a suite of rooms and the first day we looked over the place, and ate free banquets and saw how the people dressed, and just looked prosperous. They showed out money on the slightest provocation, and got the hang of things. Dad was to go in the big gambling room in the afternoon with his pockets full of money, and dad and the Dakota man was to do the betting, and dad was to hold one of the canvas bags, and when it was full we were to go to the gambling hall, and gamble for a while, to give the bank a chance to raise more money. Dad insisted that his partner should lose a small bet once in awhile, so the bank should not get on to the fact that we had a chink.

After luncheon we entered the big gambling room, in full dress suits, and by gosh! it was a king's raffle. There were hundreds of men and women, dressed for a party, and it did not seem like a gambling hall, except that there were piles of gold as big as stovepipes, on all the tables, and the guests were provided with silver more or less, and dad and I were in the money. Dad said in a whisper to the Dakota man: "What is the use of taking the trouble to run a gold mine, and see chips piled up like dirt, dirt nuggets, when you can get nice, clean gold, all colored, ready to spend, by betting right?" And then dad turned to me and he said: "Hennery, don't let the sight of this wealth make you avaricious. Don't be proud when you see that our poor father, after years of struggle against adversity, and the machinations of designing men, has got next to the Pierpont Morgan class, and has more to buy railroad. Don't get excited when we begin to bag the money, but just act as though it was a regular thing with us to salt down our gold for winter, the same as we do our pork."

A count, or a duke, gave us nice suits, and rakes to haul in the money, a countess, with a low-necked dress, winked at dad when he reached into his pocket and brought out a roll of bills and handed them to the Dakota man, who bought \$500 worth of red chips, and when the man looked the roulette table over and put about a dozen of chips on the red, dad dug up so he was almost black in the face, and began to perspire so I had to wipe my face with a handkerchief. The gambler rolled the wheel and the ball stopped on the red, and dad did the raking and raked in a quart of chips, and dad shook hands with the Dakota man and said: "Pard, we have got 'em on the run," and reached for his sack to put in the first installment of acquiescence. The countess winked at dad, and dad looked as though he owned a brewery, and the Dakota man, twice his chin whiskers, and acted like he was sorry for the Monte Carlo bank. I just got so faint with joy that I almost cried.

To think that we had skinned along as economically as possible all our lives and never made much money, and now, through this Dakota genius, and this Monte Carlo opportunity, we had wealth raking in by the bushel, made me feel great, and I wondered why more people didn't go to the far-away place where people could become rich and prosperous in a day, if they had the nerve. I tell you, old man,

It "Pointed" for Rabbits and Fish and It Amazed the Englishman.

(Baltimore Sun.)

"Speaking of birds," a Baltimore traveling man said the other day, "while I was down in North Carolina last month I heard of a unique game that was put up on an interesting Englishman, Sir Charles, while he was on a visit to California, by a couple of gentlemen who were known to him as lawyers."

"Judge Pierce of San Francisco told the story one day to some of us, while we were enjoying the glorious view from the big porch at Battery park, at Asheville. One of the North Carolinians present happened to say something about hunting for birds on horseback."

"That's a novel idea," said the judge; then, turning to his wife, he added, with twinkling eyes, "I wonder if anybody here has ever hunted on a bronco?"

"We do that out in California sometimes," he went on, "but you've got to know your bronco pretty well to make a success of it. You know, you can cure a bronco of bucking, but you can't cure him of all his bad habits, and one of the things that generally let him be an intractable beast is his dropping down flat if pricked with a spur or touched with a sharp stick."

"One of the lawyers who had an office near mine, when I was practicing my profession in southern California, had just such a bronco, and one day when he had a visiting Englishman in town—Sir Charles Something-or-the-other—he took Sir Charles out and gave him this bronco to ride. The Englishman was tremendously interested in everything American, and believed everything that was told him."

In the course of the ride the Englishman happened to prick the bronco pretty hard, and down went his steed on his knees. The American in the meanwhile had caught sight of a covey of birds, and, being something of a wag, he soothed the startled Englishman by telling him that the bronco was a most intelligent creature, could even point at birds and doubtless there were some in the neighborhood. In proof of his assertion the birds just then came into sight, and Sir Charles said: "Panczy! how remarkable!"

"A little further on my friend espied a jack rabbit. He quietly touched the Englishman's bronco, and down he went on his knees. The Englishman, who was not an ordinary bird pointer, he told Sir Charles, but even pointed at jack rabbits. Maybe there was one near. And again his virtue was confirmed by the game jumping into view."

"This was more than the Englishman had expected of American beasts, and he begged my friend to let him see this wonderfully sagacious animal. My friend kindly consented, but only on condition that Sir Charles would return the compliment and let his money back if he were not entirely satisfied."

"A few days later, glancing out of my window, I saw Sir Charles, looking as though he had just come out of a shower bath, come along the street, leading that bronco. We hurried out to the door to meet him, and he told his tale of woe. He could not get the bronco's peculiar ways, he said, and he had come to claim my friend's promise to take him back again. It was all right—no one could get the beast to point at birds and jack rabbits, but a little while before he had been forcing a stream, and when they reached the middle down went the bronco. Now, why was that?"

"My friend was deeply grieved at the occurrence and blamed it all on himself. He told Sir Charles that he should have warned him before, but he had forgotten to do so. The bronco was an all-around pointer. He not only pointed for birds and jack rabbits, but for fish, too," Sir Charles said, "Panczy!"

It was great, and I was going to cable you to sell out your goods for what you could get at forced sale and come here with the money, gamble and become a millionaire.

Monte Carlo (the next day).—My Dear Uncle Ezra: I do not know how to write you the sequel of this tragedy. After our Dakota partner, with the Black Hills system, beat me a roulette game, had won the first bet, he never guessed the right color again, and dad had more use for the rake. Every time he bet and lost, he would reach out to dad for more money, and dad would reach into another pocket and dig up another roll, and the countess would laugh and dad had to act as though he enjoyed losing money.

It was about dark when dad had fished up the last hundred dollars and it was gone before dad could wink back to the countess, then the Dakota man looked at dad for more, and dad shook his head and said it was all off, and they looked at each other a minute, and then we all three got up and went out in the park to see the people who had gone broke commit suicide, but there was not a revolver shot and dad and the Dakota man sat down on a seat and I looked at the moon.

Dad looked at the Dakota man and said: "You started me in all right. What happened to your system?" The Dakota man was silent for a moment, and then he pointed to me and said: "That imp of yours crossed his fingers every time I bet, except the first time." Dad called me to him and said: "Hennery, let this be a lesson to you. Never cross your fingers. You have ruined your dad," and he turned his pockets and held out a five-dollar note for a dollar note, and he gave me the empty sack to carry, and we went to our suite of rooms, knowing we would be fired out into the street. It will take a week to get money from the states, and we may be sent to the workhouse, as we are broke, and haven't got the money to get out of commit suicide. Don't tell me, Yours, HENNERY.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph Bowles.)

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to him, from the fact that he is too busy asking questions or quoting callings from Mackintosh, watching the school children. The clerk in an office, usually sitting at the desk of the boss, who happens to be out, is invariably too busy watching the hands of the clock for quitting time. His autograph is in the shape of missives whose contents contain only endearing terms for the girl he has his eyes on.

Some people ascribe autographs to the endearing admonitions, warnings or messages from the boss since departed. Others, more pessimistic, say they are more in evidence when a man smokes long, black cigars, and the smoke of the grade of tobacco used in making up the cigar, it is alleged by a still more enthusiastic "cigarator."

But whatever they mean, whether they portend evil or imminent good tidings and good fortune is still to be elucidated.

**LITERATURE IN LITTLE.**  
Potent Phrases That Have Worked Miracles at Critical Times.

The recent interchange of signals between the Russian Baltic fleet in the Mediterranean and the English squadron hovering near Gibraltar again has men of all kinds become masters of speech in a tight place, says the Saturday Evening Post, Napoleon, addressing his army in the shadow of the Pyramids, said: "Forty centuries look down on you! Count any phrase he better calculated to rouse the hearts of the theatre Frenchman? Napoleon's famous signal was full of the spirit of his nation and the hour, 'Glorious duty!' Two words, and the opposing moods of two great nations were changed. The sculptor Saint Gaudin, when planning his statue of Logan, read his subject's political speeches in vain for a revelation of the truth, finding only the flowery bombast of the filibuster backwoods politician. But an anecdote told by an old soldier gave him the full stature of the man. In the face of a tremendous Confederate cavalry charge the boys in blue were wavering and turning to run. Logan snatched a flag and rode out in front, shouting, 'Then, fellows in gray is riding to their graves!' That sentence changed the tide of the day, and the boys in blue were heroic proportions, but none the less and characteristic, Admiral Rojest-

vensky ran up flags that said, 'If you do admit, still thinking, no doubt, of his dead countrymen in the North sea, promptly answered, 'Fire away!' There was levity in this, as was not unfitting to the occasion. But there was also something grim. We have all reason to be glad that the 'Russians' were called—and, most of all, perhaps the Russians.

**MAN OF DESTINY.**  
Relation Between Life of Diaz and Date of Mexican Independence.

(New York Sun.)

"If ever a man was a living proof that his fate was predestined," said a mining man from Mexico, "it is President Diaz. He was born at 11 o'clock at night on Sept. 15. That is the anniversary moment of Mexican independence, although Sept. 15 is celebrated as the national holiday. 'The revolutionary conspirators had agreed on Sept. 15 for the outbreak and were to open the ball at the ringing of a bell on the plaza of Guanajuato. But Hidalgo, the Mexican Washington, learned of this, and his plans were known, so he took the men and started things going at 11 o'clock, and Diaz was born Sept. 15, 1858."

"That is a matter of common knowledge and is not a matter of mystery. What is not generally known is that every one of his many children, legitimate and illegitimate, was born at 11 o'clock, or on the anniversary of one of the big military or political victories of Mexico. It is a matter of fact that Diaz was born at 11 o'clock, and that he has been a man of destiny, his life has been one long fight against enemies, intrigues, secret plots, open rebellion. 'He has beaten them all and established a good government where there had been only tyranny or chaos for 300 years. They say that he has grown superstitious about it all, believing that he is under a lucky star, and that he takes these coincidences of birth as a mark of heavenly favor."

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Leave Farmington and Lagoon 7:30 and 10:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.  
Extra trains at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. on Sundays and Holidays.

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**CURRENT TIME TABLE.**

In Effect Oct. 9th, 1904.

**LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.**

No. 6 for Denver and East.....5:50 A.M.  
No. 2 for Denver and East.....3:15 P.M.  
No. 1 for Denver and East.....8:08 P.M.  
No. 11 for Ogden and East.....1:20 P.M.  
No. 10 for Heber, Provo and Marysville.....6:00 A.M.

No. 8 for Provo and Marysville.....5:00 A.M.  
No. 3 for Ogden and West.....11:40 P.M.  
No. 1 for Ogden and West.....1:20 P.M.  
No. 5 for Ogden and West.....10:50 A.M.  
No. 4 for Park City.....3:15 P.M.  
No. 117 for Bingham.....10:20 A.M.  
No. 114 for Bingham.....3:00 P.M.

**ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.**

No. 12 from Ogden and local points.....10:25 A.M.  
No. 3 from Denver and East.....10:40 A.M.  
No. 1 from Denver and East.....1:35 P.M.  
No. 3 from Ogden and West.....1:20 P.M.  
No. 9 from Heber, Provo and Marysville.....6:00 P.M.

No. 6 from Ogden and West.....8:40 A.M.  
No. 2 from Ogden and West.....3:05 P.M.  
No. 1 from Ogden and West.....1:20 P.M.  
No. 7 from Bureka and Provo.....10:00 A.M.  
No. 4 from Park City.....3:15 P.M.  
No. 113 from Bingham.....10:20 A.M.  
No. 115 from Bingham.....5:40 P.M.

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**TIME TABLE**

San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake R. R. Co.

**DEPART**

From Oregon Short Line Depot, Salt Lake City:

For Provo, Lehi, Fairfield, Mercur, Nephi and Sanpete Valley points.....8:00 a m

For Garfield Beach, Tooele, Stockton, Mammoth, Panguitch and Silver City.....7:45 a m

For Provo, American Fork, Lehi, Utah, Milford, Panguitch, Hele and intermediate points.....6:05 p m

**ARRIVE**

From Provo, American Fork, Lehi, Utah, Milford, Panguitch, Hele and intermediate points.....9:45 a m

From Provo, Lehi, Fairfield, Mercur and Sanpete Valley points.....5:35 p m

From Silver City, Mammoth, Panguitch, Tooele and Garfield Beach.....5:35 p m

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**Time Table IN EFFECT DEC. 4th, 1904**